

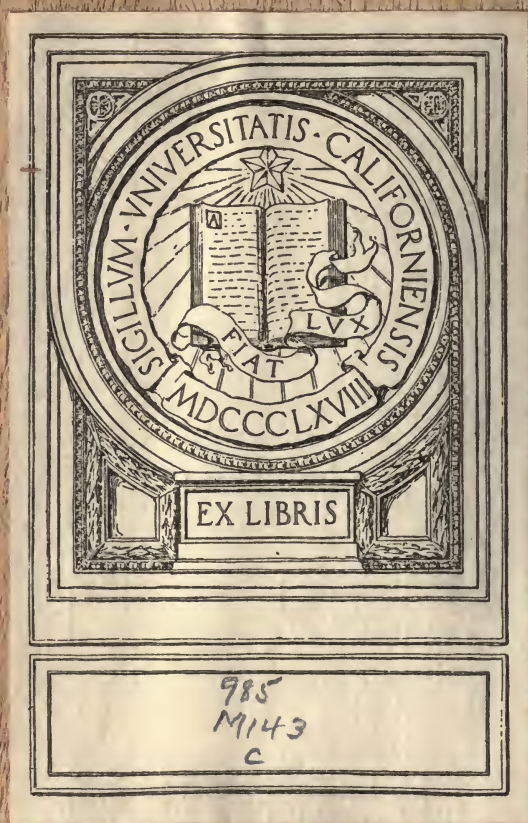
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BY

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

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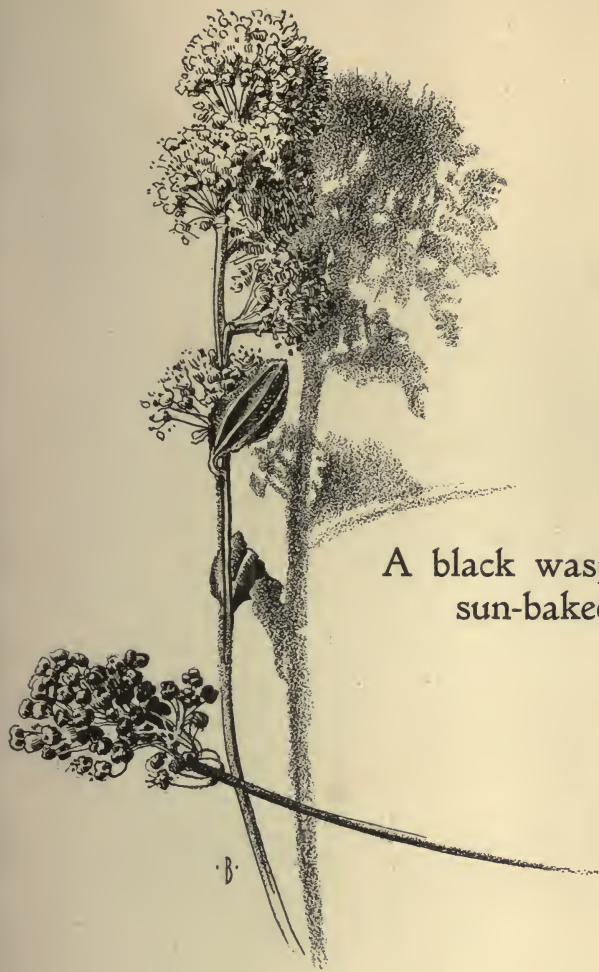
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A road-runner dodged in
the chaparral
As a coin will slip from
the hand of a wizard,



W. H. BULL

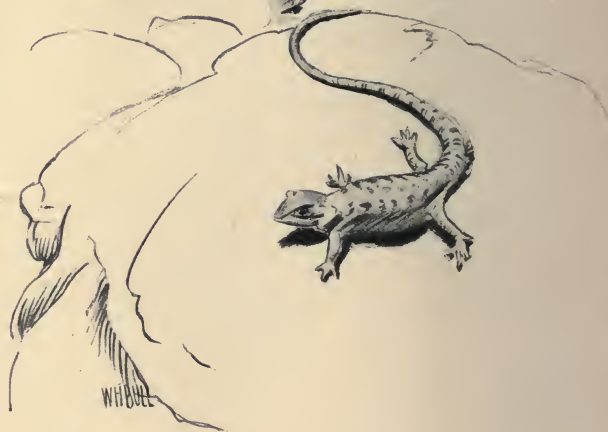


A black wasp droned by his
sun-baked cell,





While flat on a stone lay a Nile-
green lizard,



And a wolf in the rift of a sycamore
Sat gray as a monk at the mission door.





A sage-hen scratched 'mong the cactus spike,
While high in the sky was the noon sun's
glamour,





While steady as ever rose anvil strike
Came the rat-tat-tat of a yellow hammer,



And a shy quail lowered his crested head
To the rock-lined sweep of a dry creek's bed.





And out of the earth a tarantula crept
On his hairy legs to the road's white level,
With eyes where a demon's malice slept,
And the general air of an unchained devil,
While a rattlesnake by the dusty trail
Lay coiled in a mat of mottled scale.



Then the gray wolf sprang
On the sage-hen there





And the lizard snapped at the wasp and caught him,
While the spider fled to his sheltering lair
As though a shadowy foeman sought him,



And the road-runner slipped from the wayside brake
And struck his beak through the rattlesnake.



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